

**HIROKI
ENDO**遠藤浩輝





TRANSLATION / KUMAR SIVASUBRAMANIAN

LETTERING / STEVE DUTRO

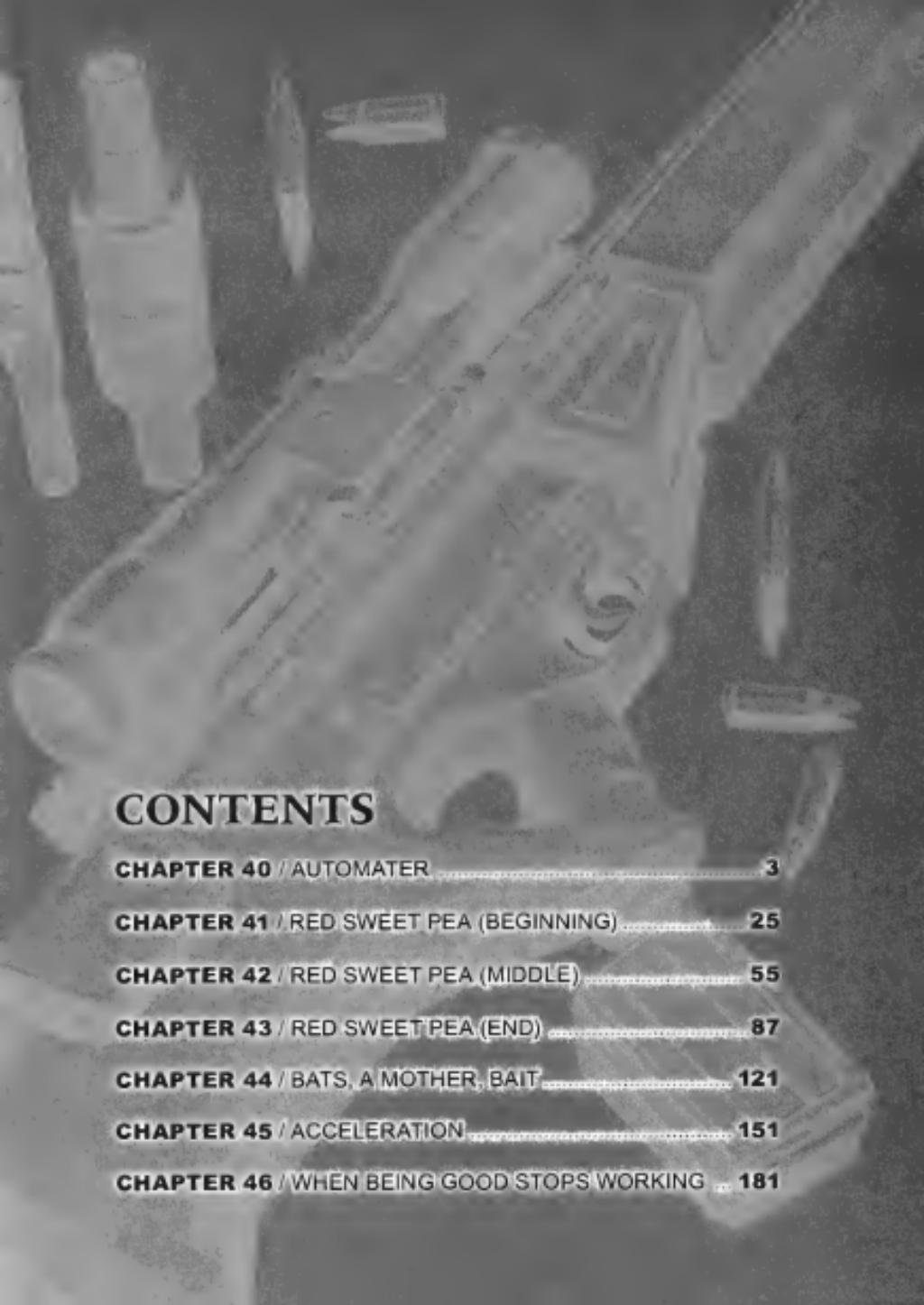


EDEN

HIROKI

ENDO 遠藤浩輝

It's an Endless World!



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Chapter 40 / Automater





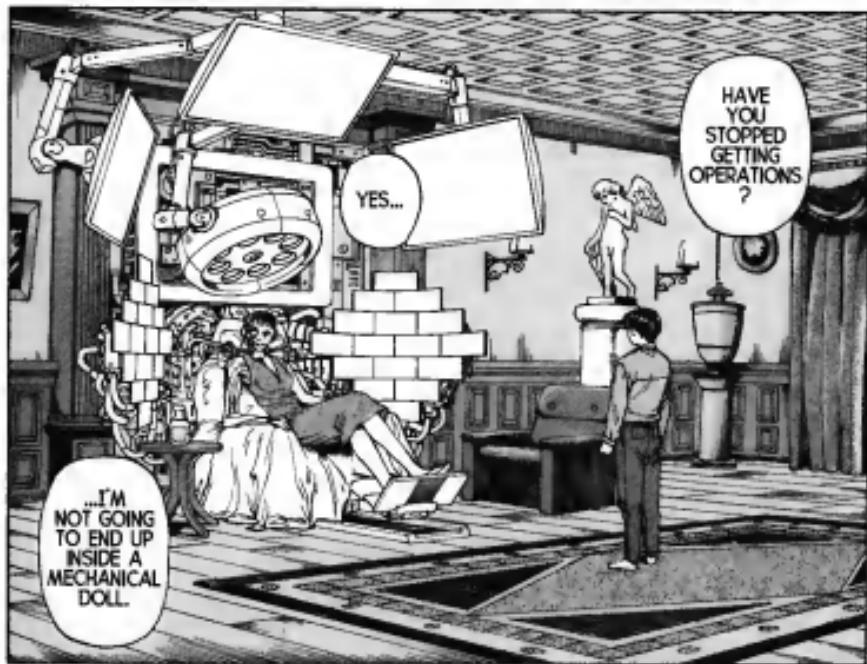


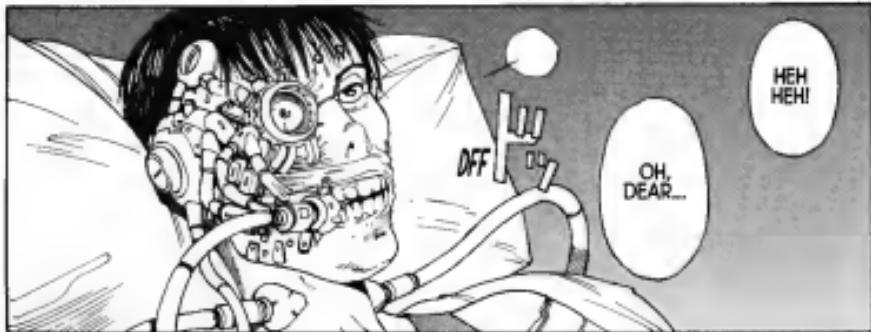




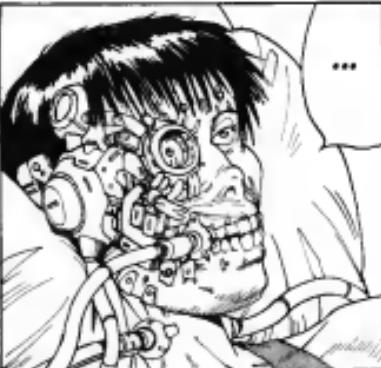












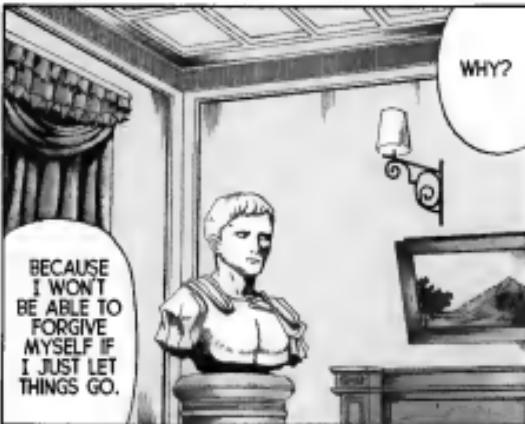










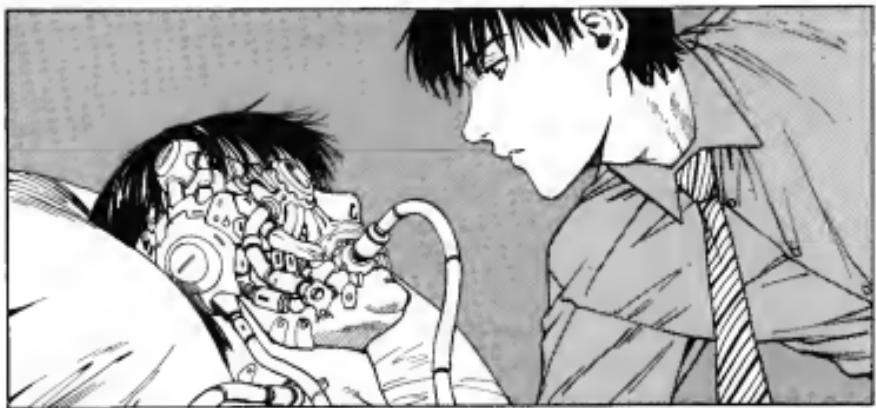














Chapter 41 / Red Sweet Pea (Beginning)









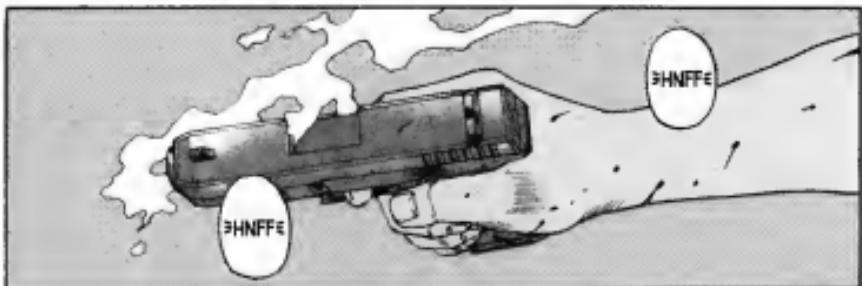


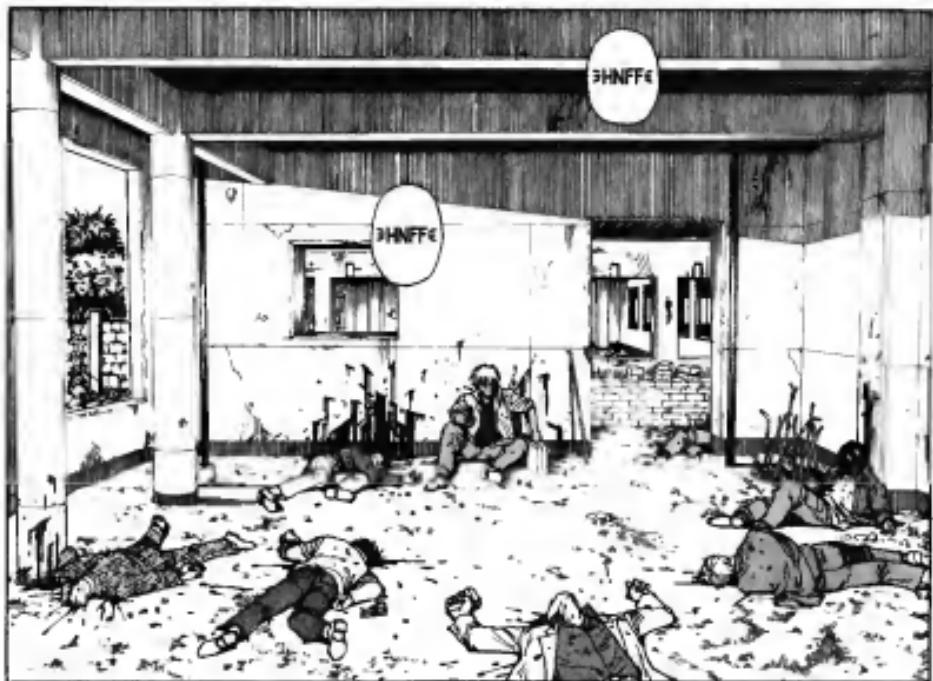




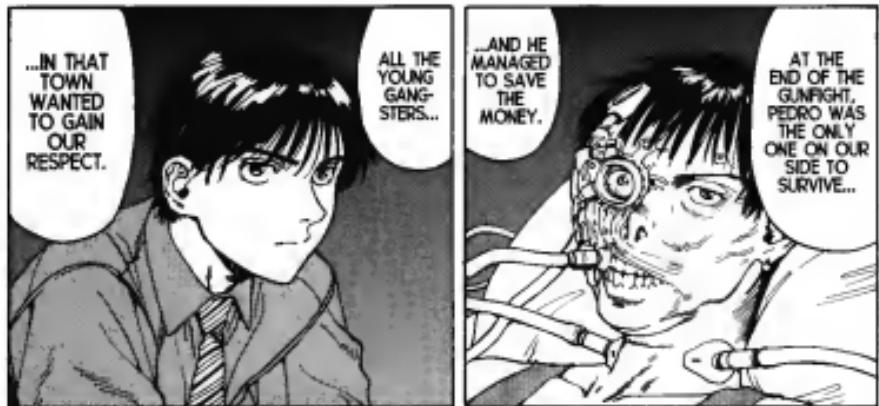


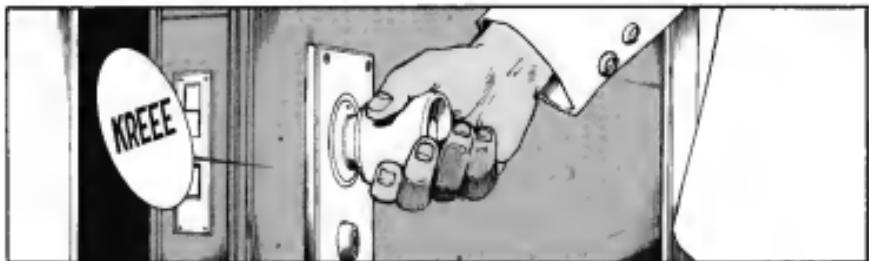






































IS THAT
GIRL
STILL
ALIVE?

MANUELA,
YOU
SAY?

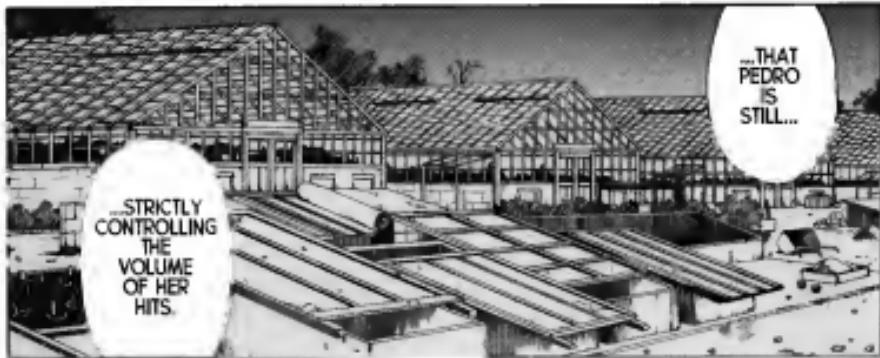
WHEN DID
PEDRO AND
MANUELA
FIRST
MEET EACH
OTHER?



I THOUGHT
THE DRUGS
HAD KILLED
HER A
LONG TIME
AGO.

THAT'S A
SURPRISE.

YES.









Chapter 42 / Red Sweet Pea (Middle)





POT MARIJUANA, LIKE MOST DRUGS AROUND THE WORLD, CONTINUED TO BE CULTIVATED AND DISTRIBUTED, EVEN AFTER THE CLOSURE VIRUS DESTROYED A LARGE PORTION OF HUMANITY.





GABACHO A WHITE PERSON.















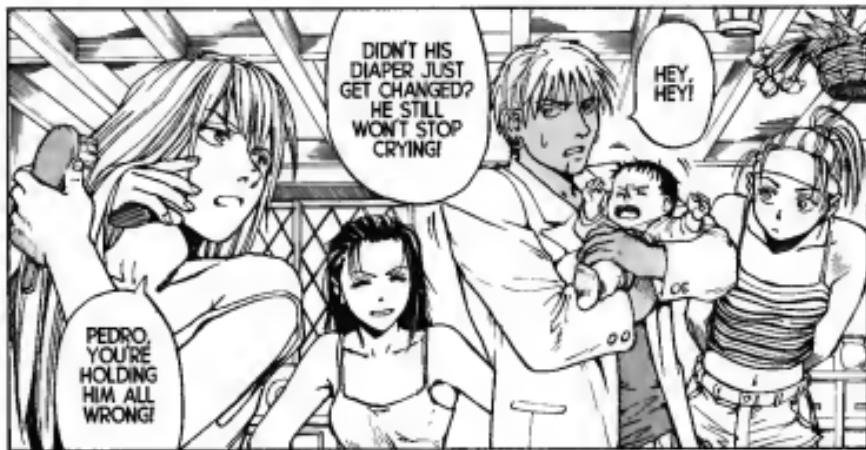




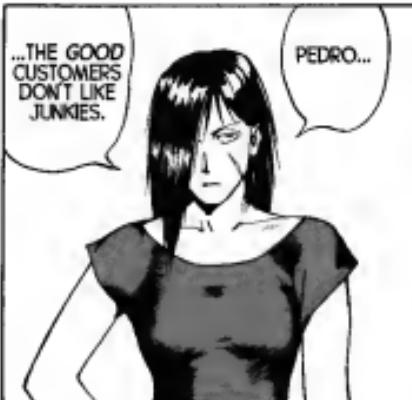




































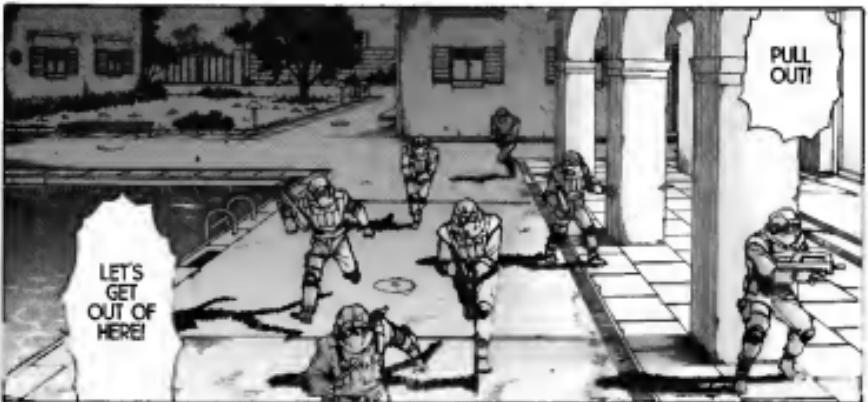
Chapter 43 / Red Sweet Pea (End)





















































SHORTLY
AFTER
THAT...

...SHE
DISAPPEARED
AGAIN.

SHE
CAME TO
PEDRO
A THIRD
TIME.

THEN
EIGHT
MONTHS
LATER...















IT WAS
LIKE...

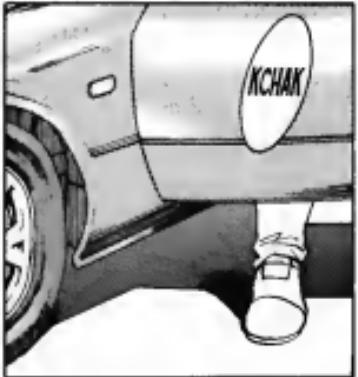
THEIR
FIRST LOVE
FOR BOTH
OF THEM,
ETERNALLY.

Chapter 44 / Bats, a Mother, Bait



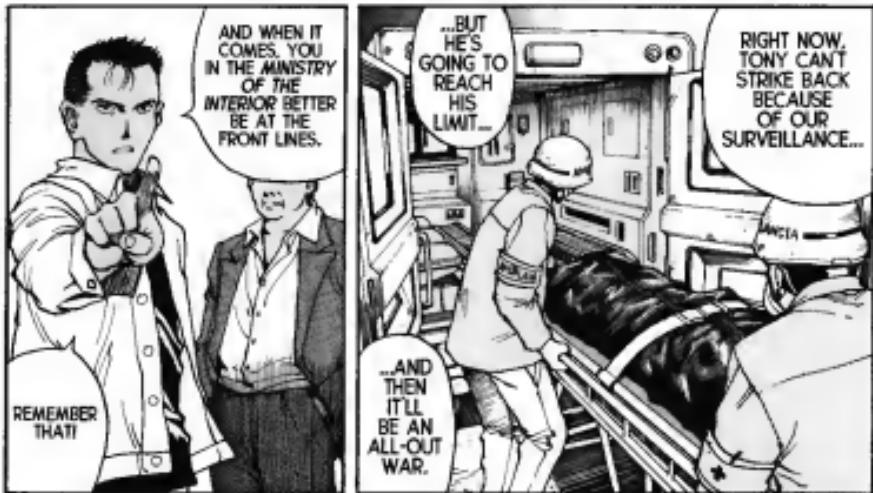














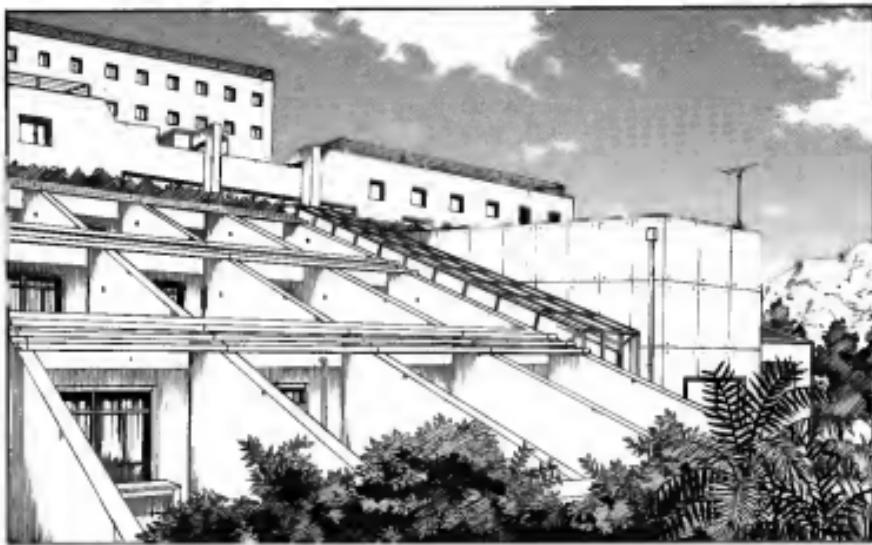


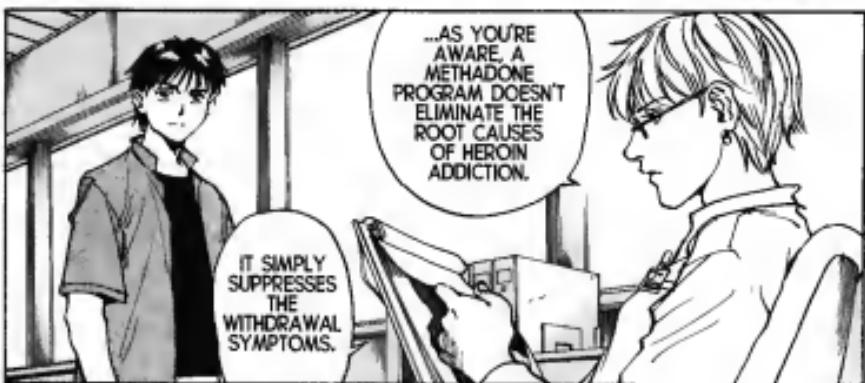






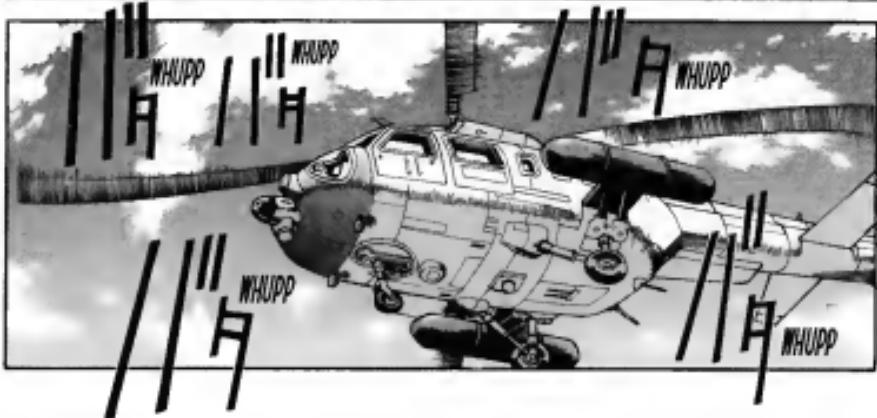
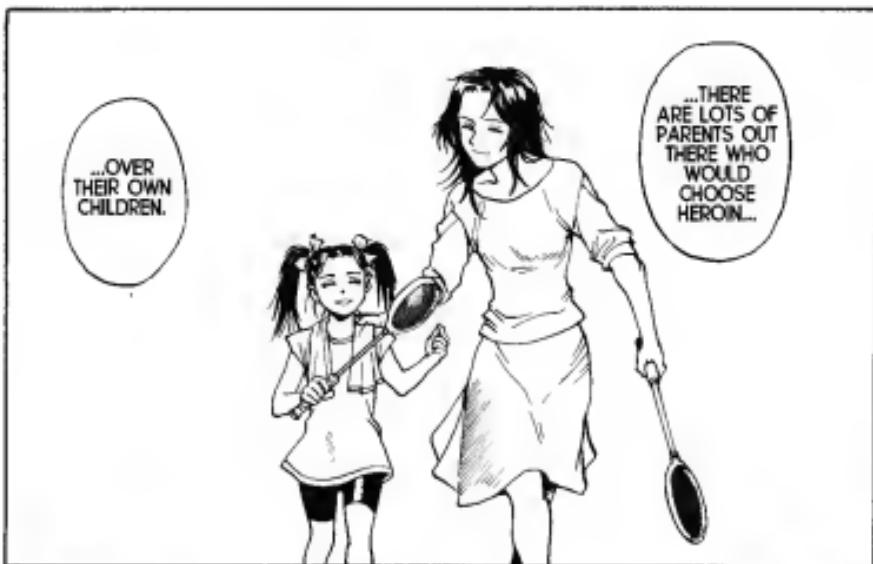




















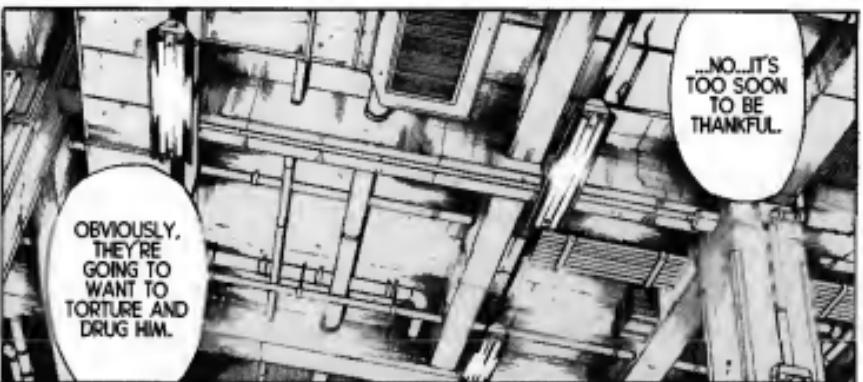
















Chapter 45 / Acceleration





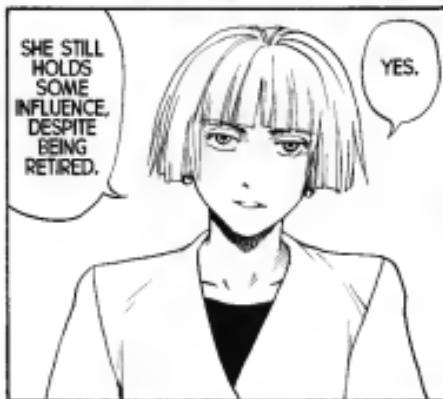




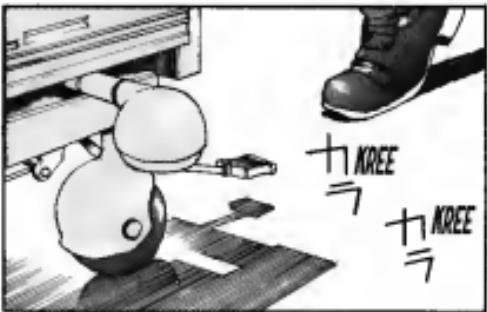
















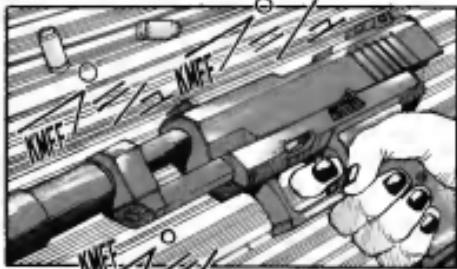




















MINISTRY SPY: IN EDEN VOLUME SIX, BILBAO UNCOVERED THE FACT THAT THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR HAD A SPY IN PEDRO'S ORGANIZATION.

















Chapter 46 / When Being Good Stops Working





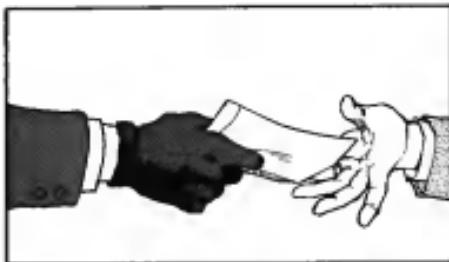




JUST
WANTED
TO ASK.

















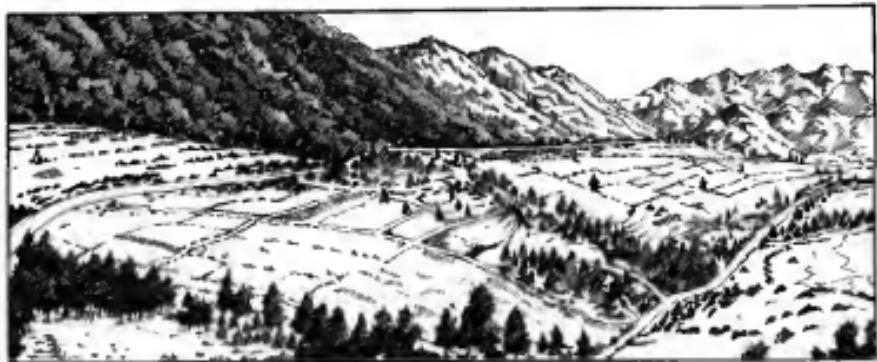
IT'S OKAY.













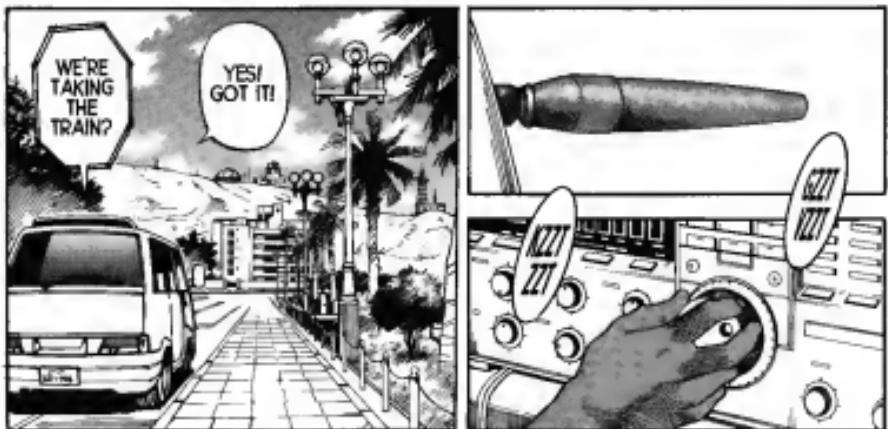
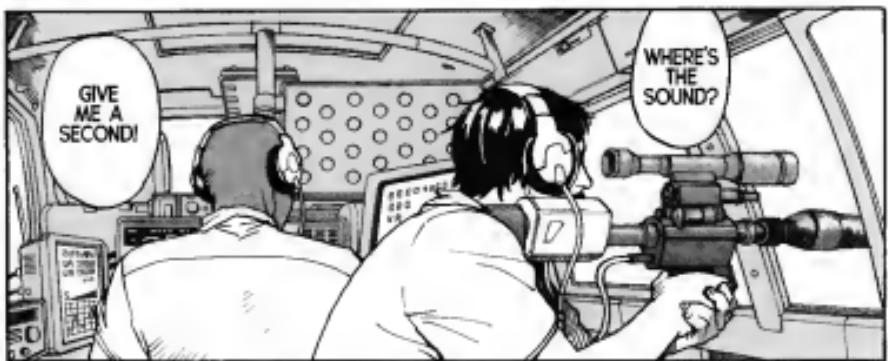


EENY: THE AUTOMATER'S NICKNAME FOR HER SUBORDINATE, MEL LYNN.



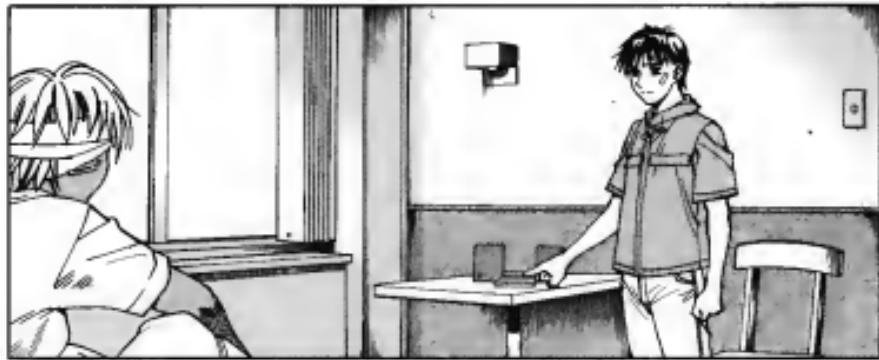
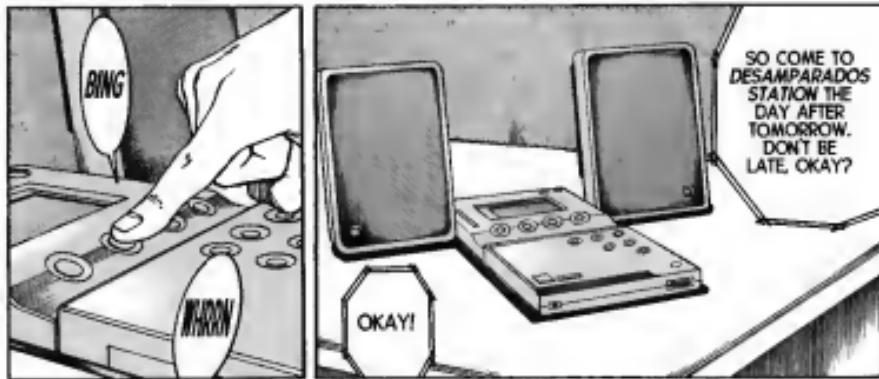




























publisher

MIKE RICHARDSON

editor

PHILIP SIMON

digital production

RYAN HILL

collection designer

DAVID NESTELLE

art director

LIA RIBACCHI

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Additional credits from the original Japanese edition: art production staff: **Hiromu Shinbara** (chapters 40 - 46), **Makoto Ikuta** (chapters 40 - 41), **Souji Iwanaga** (chapter 40), **Naoki Moriya** (chapters 41, 43, 44, 46), **Toshi Ode** (chapters 42 - 46), chief editor: **Hisashi Muranaka**
chief collection editor: **Yasuhiro Nakatsuka**

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AFTERWORD

Let's think about crying this time

around. There are plenty of forms of crying—"bawling," "sobbing," "menly tears," "crocodile tears," "crying oneself to sleep," et cetera, et cetera—but in every case it makes the viewer uncomfortable. Indeed, you immediately want to ask, "What's wrong?"

"Why are you crying?" "Because I fell down . . . because this curry's hot . . . because I've got a lousy mahjong hand . . . because someone's hairy hand is pinching me . . . because of the cat." Only, as we become adults, we can't just cry all the time anymore. Even when you're sad, you're supposed to hold back the tears. We have to transfer that crying into something else, like a guitar. Those "tearful phrases," you know? Maybe all the mothers of the world transfer their crying into the sounds their cutting boards make as they slice radishes. Even fathers cry . . . with their backs. Your father's back in the middle of the night with the fridge door half open, eating a ham sandwich. Seriously capable of crying. Bartenders make "weeping cocktails," and when customers drink them they say, "Ahh! It's the flavor of tears!" Eccentric girls pelted by the rain say, "The sky is crying . . . in my place!" I guess. Anyway, grown-ups don't cry! "Find a substitute!" they say. So accordingly, me being a manga artist, I have to transfer my "crying" into my works. Where a guitarist "chokes" his strings, I could go wild with the nib of my pen. Where a guitarist adds "vibrato," I could let my lines go shaky. I'd be trying to express a kind of "bluesy-ness," but my woeful readers would just say, "This guy's art has kinda gone to hell lately." So then I could try surreptitiously dripping real tears onto the original art, but I'd get, "Hey,

you smudged the ink here! Fix it with some liquid paper," from my editor. It wouldn't work. So I could try to express it through my characters. I could start by drawing a girl with her eyebrows sloping toward each other. Oh! That's bluesy! Next, I draw her shoulders trembling. Oh! Aren't those Clapton's eyes? Now, I put some tears welling up in her eyes, and—hey! Why's she taking off her clothes?! I give her a word balloon that says, "Ooh, baby! ❤ Give me more!" . . . and basically end up with a naughty doodle.

—**Hiroki Endo** March 28, 2002

(Translation by Kumar Sivasubramanian)

"Hiroki Endo's *Eden* is a demonstration of what science fiction can offer when thoughtfully engaging the world rather than just offering tired parables."

—Steve Bloom, *Art For Good Noise*

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**FOR READERS 18+
FOR MATURE
READERS**

的，我就是想让你知道，我对你没有恶意，我就是想和你聊聊天而已。

“我就是想和你聊聊天而已。”我继续说道，“我就是想和你聊聊天而已。”

“我就是想和你聊聊天而已。”我继续说道，“我就是想和你聊聊天而已。”